ASTRAL TYRANNICAL VOICES OPPRESSORS

(Poems)

(parts 1-6)

-by Brian Edwards



Astral	
Tyrannical	
Voices oppressors	
Mid-point	
Violators	
Of morality	
Of freedom	
Deceivers	
Weavers	
Of subconscious lies	
In that hazy zone	
In between	
They beat me down	
They beat me down	
With physical attacks	
With voices	

In that zone

Being asleep

That's where

The strongest

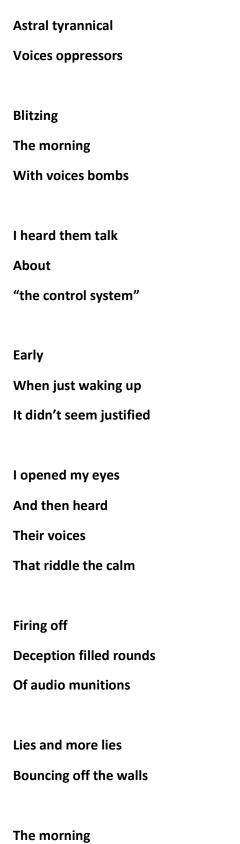
And being awake

They seem to be

Between

On the shore

Of the night



Will be made calm again

With a sword

Of Stoic indifference

I once thought
They spoke the truth
But that was
A pipe dream
It's now revealed
To me
They ceaselessly spew
Venoms of deception
Lies
Lies
Lies
Even with fries
You may hear
Lies from your fan
Refrigerator
Washing machine
There is a hidden meaning here
If you've got met them
Set your bullshit radar
To the maximum setting
All over the Earth
They're whispering
Intrusive thoughts

Never seek them out What a folly It was for me Recordings Full of..... What the hell? My ears became deranged When a leaf fell It sounded Like an Atom Bomb **Psychic shockwaves Psychic shockwaves** At six in the morning Or three in the afternoon The boom The noise The mind war noise Of dimensional invasion **Viperous legions**

Of the air

Whispering lies

A cruel audio

Inquisition

Ringing
In the ears
Again
Call sign
Of dimensional transmission
Message received
Analyzed
Found void of meaning
Its purpose
Was to be an arrowhead
Of malign absurdity
The voices oppressors
Are now in the room
Are now in the room There seems to be
Are now in the room There seems to be
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind Gardens of pleasant thoughts
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind Gardens of pleasant thoughts Ripped apart
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind Gardens of pleasant thoughts Ripped apart
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind Gardens of pleasant thoughts Ripped apart With audio landmines
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind Gardens of pleasant thoughts Ripped apart With audio landmines They call out a name
Are now in the room There seems to be No shield to hide behind Gardens of pleasant thoughts Ripped apart With audio landmines They call out a name From their

Then another
Then another
Astral psychological warfare
Attack
At eleven in the morning
The sky
Is partly cloudy
The world continues
Keeping on
Even as other worlds
Dimensional worlds
Interact
And one of them
Is a realm
Where voices tyrants dwell
Always seeking
A gate
To get through

To the serene
Escape of sleep
The zone
Between sleep
And waking
Is where I feel
Their barbed wired
Audio mutiny
Against anything good
In the zone
Between sleep
And waking
I see their gulags
Rising

The voices oppressors

Building

By night

Audio gulags

I run the gauntlet

Of voiced thorns

Astral voices intruders
Aggravate
Irritate
Disseminate
Voices tyranny propaganda
They bombard
They bombard
Through the wind
Through the wind
Through the fans
And through numerous
Electric hums of the world
They establish outpost
They establish outpost Of voices tyranny
Of voices tyranny
Of voices tyranny
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards Of thoughts
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards Of thoughts One's thoughts
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards Of thoughts One's thoughts
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards Of thoughts One's thoughts Turned upside down
Of voices tyranny Commencing subversion campaigns They erect Insane billboards Of thoughts One's thoughts Turned upside down The struggle begins

The voices intruders
Calling out
As if
From a false Sun
A sky now filled
With medieval demonology blitz
Mind games
And embedded EVPs
Where
Are they from?
They'll tell you
A thousand tales

